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4. "Will he come," (first time in America,) Sullivan; "Nut tree," Schumann—Miss Brainerd.

Intermission.

5. *Andante con variazioni*, Mendelssohn—Mr. Daniels.

6. "Now the shades of night are falling," *Slumber-song*, R. Franz—Miss Brainerd.

7. *Valse*, (dedicated to Mr. Charles Halle, of London;) *Romance*, (by request)—C. F. Daniels.

Miss Brainerd sang her fine selections admirably, and in the *Slumber-song* of Robert Franz, she was warmly encored. By her pure method, high cultivation, and refined taste, Miss Brainerd is eminently qualified to render perfectly the classic vocal compositions of Schumann, Franz, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

We have received from Ticknor & Fields, the October volume of the Diamond Edition of Dickens' works. This volume contains "Oliver Twist," one of Dickens' finest works, together with "Pictures from Italy" and his famous "American Notes, for general circulation." It will be confessed that this volume is wonderfully rich in its contents, embracing as it does five volumes as originally published, and at a cost considerably less than one of the English volumes. It is a marvel of cheapness and at the same time distinguished for the elegance of the style of its production. There are numerous illustrations by Eytinge, drawn in his best style.

S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, has published a very neat edition of Pope's "Essay on Man." It contains a Portrait and a sketch of the life of the poet; together with notes phrenologically explanatory by S. R. Wells. It has many clever illustrations.

The same publisher has also issued in a neat form, a Sermon by the Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., with the following title—"The Gospel among the Animals; or, Christ with the Cattle." The subject is treated broadly and eloquently, in a spirit of Christian philanthropy and humanity. It is a strong clerical endorsement of the noble objects of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—a society which has already done much to ameliorate the condition of those dumb servants of man, which too often suffer from his brutal and reckless cruelty. This pamphlet should be widely circulated.

We have received the fourth number of Cassell's Magazine, which is published simultaneously in London and New York. For light reading it is one of the best magazines published. The stories are all ably written, and in tone they are unexceptionable. The morale of the contents fits it for circulation in families. The illustrations are admirable. They are freely and boldly drawn, and possess those rare qualities in illustrations, mark-

ed character and vivid action. Number Five will appear on the first of November.

The Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, for the year 1866, have just been issued in a handsome volume. It contains much matter of universal interest, on subjects of vital consequence to all, the treatment of which is distinguished by broad, liberal, comprehensive and common-sense views. The principles of the Eclectic theory of Medicines are spreading rapidly in every section of the country, and its adherents may now be counted by the thousands, where one was known ten years ago. It is a powerful and dauntless opponent of the highly respectable, but terribly impotent Allopathic system, which has little but its age and imbecility to recommend it. The Eclectics have stormed the stronghold of ignorance and red-tapeism, and have sapped the public belief in that ancient institution, which has enjoyed an unlimited license to slaughter by knife and poisons, for centuries past. It is time that light was let in upon the dark and tortuous proceedings of Allopathic traditions, and we think that the adherents of the Eclectic theory will, by facts and truths, speedily wipe out this ancient but respectable humbug.

OFFENBACH.

This joyous composer first saw the light at Cologne, in 1823, where he was born—of parents—as the immortal Artemus hath it. It is on record that the little German atom, soon as he opened his little eyes, hummed a little tune, instead of feebly wailing as is the uncomfortable custom of the atomic tribes: it is further asserted that even when he did cry, he did it rhythmically, and wept copiously to a spirited and flowing movement in six-eight time Allegretto, his mother, probably, beating. At seven years of age, he played the violin; and, says he himself—"I really cannot say when I received my first lesson in music, and I should be equally puzzled to assign a date to my first composition; this mania of sprinkling white paper with black notes, is in reality a flaw in my conformation—a sort of organic malady, which, from my very childhood, caused the utmost uneasiness to my relatives. Contrary to all expectations, however, they succeeded in rearing me; but I shall carry to the tomb the constitutional defect which has had such a serious influence on my life." At thirteen, Offenbach gravitated to Paris, where he was kindly received by Cherubini, who, discovering the complaint above alluded to, deemed the patient a fit subject for the Conservatory; and although the laws of that institution forbade the reception of foreigners, Cherubini's influence sufficed to obtain the admission of his young protégé, who shortly afterwards received an appointment as violoncel-

list at the Opera Comique. For some years, he wrote little but a few polkas and waltzes, (for the Jullien Concerts,) whose names he says he has "carefully forgotten." In 1839, he composed some music for a piece called "Pascal et Chambord," which was performed at the Palais Royal: this, though a *step en avant*, was not the harbinger of full success, for twelve years passed away ingloriously enough: annual concerts given by himself, alone introducing his name and his compositions to the public. In 1851, he was appointed leader of the orchestra to the *Théâtre Français*. While he occupied this position, he was requested by Alfred de Musset to write music for the "Song of Fortunio," in a piece called "The Chandelier." He did so, and the actor to whom the character was entrusted, *Delaunay*, came to him to try the song over. Here we cannot do better than quote Offenbach's own words: "You remember *Delaunay*, that charming stage-lover, whose speaking voice was so soft and sweet as to be almost feminine in its accents? What a delightful "Fortunio," I thought: what a velvety and delicate alto voice he must have! Well, I sat down to the piano, played and sang my song, and he tried it after me. My fingers remained on the keys as if frozen, I was so unutterably astonished! from that womanly throat, from that infantile mouth issued a volley of deep, powerful and vigorous notes! *Delaunay had a superb bass voice!* I sadly folded up my MS.; it would never do for 'Fortunio' to beseech his 'Jacquelin' in the should be murmurous words of love, with the voice of *Lablache*!" The couplets were finally spoken by *Delaunay*, and Offenbach preserved his melody for another opportunity. Having for years offered his pieces to the different theatres of Paris, our composer finally determined to set up for himself; he obtained his license on the 15th June, 1855; rented a small hall in the Champs Elysees, and opened it on the 5th July, following,—thus arranging and decorating his Theatre, organizing his company and orchestra, and preparing his pieces for performance in twenty days. His singers were Mesdames Mace and Schneider, and Messieurs Pradeau, Berthelier and Darcier: the three operettas produced on that night were "Entrez Messieurs et Mesdames," "La Nuit Blanche" and "Les Deux Avenges," and the world knows the rest! For five months, these five artists, with Offenbach at their head, valourously fought their campaign; all Paris came, saw, and was conquered: the "premier pas" was taken; the second, third and fourth soon followed. On the 29th December of the same year, the courageous *chef* inaugurated the Bouffes "Parisiens" with "Botaclar," and firmly established himself upon his "buffo" throne for life. His operas are played all over the world, and his music is a